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A DAILY HINT FROM M'DUGALL.



Will the Arch look like this before the Doves Committee file the basket?

THE MIGHTY FEW.

THE Few have always fought the fight for freedom against the Tyrant Many. Leonidas and the Spartan band were but three hundred. Tell and Von Winkler led but a handful against the Austrian host. Hermannus in the Thuringian wood mastered the Caesars with a small resource. Amid the dunes and fens of Holland a little people broke the power of Spain. From Bunker Hill to Yorktown a few thousands made a new nation, the greatest ever born. From the islands of Mirabeau, Danton and Robespierre came the French fever for freedom that shook the world. The sturdy Germanic of Sellin began the release of Germany from the great Napoleon. The thousand of Mazzini set the torch to crumbling. Gomen and Masco built their own in Cuba through two wars with modern Spain. Now, again, the Few and Many, bear against Britain, fight in the Great Cause. The Few are mighty and in the end prevail!

CHECK THE PLUNDERERS!

MILLIONS already extorted from the Third Avenue Railway Company by political blackmailers. Plans well under way at Albany to add \$5,500,000 needlessly to the city's tax burden for the Police and Fire Departments.

WHAT OTHER SCHEMES MAY BE IN CONTEMPLATION?

Comptroller Color says: The cases which lead to the financial embarrassment of municipal corporations are precisely the same as those which lead to bankruptcy of business corporations, and these cases are to be seen in active operation to-day, both in the city government and at Albany.

AN ALERT GRAND JURY, TAKING UP THE THIRD AVENUE TROUBLE PROMPTLY AND EARNESTLY, SHOULD, BY ITS FINDINGS, FURNISH THE NEEDED CHECK TO THE WHOLESALE PLOTTINGS FOR PUBLIC PLUNDER THAT NOW STAGGER THIS MUNICIPALITY.

WITH ONE VOICE, PRESS AND PUBLIC DEMAND THE GRAND JURY'S SERVICES. AND DEMAND THEM NOW!

SAY "A TIMELY WORD TO-DAY."

President McKinley has not lost the faculty of saying the right thing at the right time.—The Tribune.

GOOD! THEN WHY NOT SAY A "TIMELY WORD" TO GREAT BRITAIN AND URGE THAT GREAT NATION TO STOP ITS SLAUGHTER IN THE TRANSVAAL? THE FRIENDLY OFFICES OF THIS NATION WOULD NOT BE REJECTED. "PEACE WITH HONOR" FOR THE BOERS AND THE BRITISH WOULD COME IF MR. MCKINLEY WOULD ONLY LEAD THE WAY.

WHAT A PRESIDENT MUST BE.

O. frequently has the question been put to The Evening World of late, whether or not a Catholic can be elected President of the United States, that a general answer seems to be in place in this column. The Constitution of the United States says: No person except a natural born citizen, or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of this Constitution, shall be eligible to the office of President; neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained to the age of thirty-five years and been fourteen years a resident within the United States.

IT WILL BE OBSERVED THAT THERE IS NO REFERENCE TO ANY RELIGIOUS QUALIFICATION. NO SUCH QUALIFICATION WAS THOUGHT OF, NOR INTENDED. THE SCOPE OF THE PROHIBITION FOR THE CHIEF OFFICER OF THE REPUBLIC IS UNLIMITED, SAVE BY THE PROPER REQUIREMENTS THAT THE ELECTION SHALL FALL UPON A MAN OF SUFFICIENT AGE, POSSESSOR OF THE ABSOLUTE INTEREST THAT GOES WITH AN ESTABLISHED CITIZENSHIP.

IF THE CONSTITUTION IS STUDIED IN OTHER RESPECTS, IT WILL BE FOUND ALWAYS AS CAREFULLY DRAWN AS IN THIS CASE TO PRESERVE AND PROMOTE POPULAR SELF-DENIEMENT. WHosoever by the abdication of a President, or by acts of usurpation on the part of a President, thus curbs the Constitution's makers, thus curbs the welfare of the Republic is guilty of treason.

THE BEST FRIEND HAS JUST DIED ON STATEN ISLAND. THE BEST METHODS IN PRISONS HAVE BEEN BURIED. THE BEST IMPROVEMENTS IN LOOTING IN MANHATTAN.

LETTERS IN NEW YORK AND COUNTRY VOUCH AS TO THE FACTS DETERMINED TO HAVE FIFTH AVENUE BEEN THE SCENE OF THE LOOTING.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

The Nimble Nickel, a Messenger of Disease.

Did you ever consider, my dear, how much evil is done by the way of spreading disease a nimble nickel can do? Let me tell you of a little incident that happened in the car on the other day which should convey a lesson to all.



THE ITALIAN'S NICKEL.

wholesome lesson to not only women, but to all the readers of the Evening World.

I had ridden scarcely half a block when the car stopped to admit a passenger, a colored man, the odor of whose clothing bore evidence of his occupation—the stable.

The conductor handed him the brand-new nickel which I had paid to him but a few moments before, and, as I noted it the thought came idly to me what strange stories these nickels could tell, of the hands they had passed through and the uses they had been put to, if they could but speak.

At that moment a colored acquaintance of the man boarded the car and, amid expostulations, the bright new nickel was handed over to the conductor for the new-comer's fare.

The next to enter the car was an Italian. I recollected having seen his face before. He was an organizer who had challenged double pity from the passengers by when plying his vocation by exhibiting to the public the sorrest kind of a sore hand.

From his face my eyes wandered down to the hand in question, and as I gazed I saw my bright, new nickel dropped into it and the fingers close about it, clamping it closely in that palm of raw pores.

I felt like crying out against it. But on second thought I realized that it would be a gigantic task to attempt to follow the fate of my nickel through its many vicissitudes—to the end of its career. So I held my peace, and had well nigh forgotten the incident when the car again stopped, and this time a beautiful young girl made her way into the car.

On his way to her to collect the fare the Italian stopped the conductor, asking: "Can you give me five pennies for this nickel?" Of course the conductor was only too pleased to unload the pennies, and again my bright nickel was in the hands of the conductor.

The lovely young girl evidently handed him a dime, for she was given my pretty nickel.

Let me tell you, reader mine, just what happened next. The put it directly in her mouth, women fashion, to hold it while she made way to it, stopping to count the change which the white and gold monogrammed pocketbook contained.

The white, pearly teeth held the disease-breeding nickel fast, and the sweet, red lips closed around it. I would have cried out to her, but I had reached my destination, and as the nervous trolley car would probably not have tarried for me long enough to form her acquaintance and have an earnest little chat upon the folly of placing money into her mouth that had been handled by the clean and unclean alike, I was obliged to leave the car and the charming young girl to her fate.

I had learned a grave lesson: Never to put nickels, or any of the money which is the circulating medium of the public at large—in my mouth, for any reason whatsoever. LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Laura Jean Libbey writes for The Evening World by permission of the Family Story Paper.



THE COIN PASSES INTO FAIR HANDS.

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HOUSING NEW YORK'S POOR.

By George F. Shady, A. M., M. D., Editor of the Medical Record.



DR. GEORGE A. SHADY.

IN the building of dwellings for the poor we are fifty years behind the age. There is no reason why there should not be wide stairways, plenty of air and light and healthy surroundings in our tenement-houses. The architecture of our tenements could be made ornate with but little additional expenditure of money.

The solution of this problem will be found in the establishment of homes for the laboring classes on a vast co-operative plan. Take a city block in New York and build on it modern tenement-houses with every improvement. Give the tenants the service of janitors and every comfort which can be found in other large apartment-houses for the wealthy. Baths, elevators, a large playground in the center of the block—all these comforts and luxuries could be provided economically with profit to the moneyed man and the tenant.

The laboring man insists on being near his work. He will not make himself a slave to time-tables and railroads. It is only the adventurous chaps who go out into the suburban districts, where there is pure and wholesome air, but the husband gets out of bed in the dark of the morning and arrives home in the dark of night. Sunday is the only day he sees his home and family in the sunlight.

If the workmen insist on living in the city and near their work, then this condition must be met and mastered. It is in the interests of the weather classes to properly house the poor of the city, for in these unhealthy districts diseases grow and spread; and filthy tenements endanger the health of the entire city.

The situation of the working classes of New York, so far as house accommodation is concerned, is said to be—by those who have had experience in these matters—much worse than in London. It is computed that the population of the tenement district of New York is twice as dense as in the most crowded part of the British capital.

It is said that the cost of housing a family is about 25 per cent. of the income—it certainly should not exceed that. With a model block of houses for the poor there would be a large saving in the cost of food. Light and heat would be supplied each family, the same as in modern apartment-houses. The houses could be made attractive and healthful.

QUERIES BY AND ANSWERS FOR THE EVENING WORLD READERS.

Inquire Bellevue Hospital. How can I become a trained nurse? H. S. The Letter is Correct. Which one of these sentences is correct: "Do you see any resemblance between him and I?" or "Do you see any resemblance between him and me?" J. A. C. Supreme Court; No.

Where must a person apply for an absolute divorce? Can a person apply for same in New York upon grounds of non-support and desertion? T. B. Means Farmer.

What was the first meaning of the name "Boer"? Gravesend, L. I. CLARENCE WHITWORTH. Apply to Your Congressman.

I can authorize to enter the United States Military Academy at West Point on a cadet. To whom should I apply for admission? WEST POINT.

WHY IT ISN'T LEAP YEAR.

A Daily Question Answered Once and for All.

THE following query in varying forms is received by The Evening World several times a day: "Does not leap year occur every four years? The last leap year was 1896. Why is not 1899 one? Why had not this past February twenty-nine days?" This question is here answered once and for all. Julius Caesar's calendar made each year contain precisely 365 1/4 days. But in reality it contained between 11 and 12 minutes less. Thus in 1896 years the legal year would have lost one day on the solar year. By the time the Gregorian calendar was made, ten days had thus been lost.

To remedy this, October 14, 1582, was arbitrarily made to follow directly after October 4, 1582. To avert such another elimination of time, it was decreed that henceforth no centennial year not divisible by 100 should be a leap year. By the present plan the leap year loses a day on the solar year only once in over 3,300 years.

LOVE UNCHANGING.

YESTERDAY, to-day, to-morrow, All are one, since my heart knows, Steadfast, in all joy or sorrow, Changeless love beside me goes.

Steadfast, though my mood be changeful As the sea cloud-shadows sweep, Steadfast is this love unchanging As the stars that night skies keep.

Suns may sink in storm clouds dreary, Suns may set with golden skies; Days may restful be, or weary Meet the nights when daylight dies; Those beside me fall or falter, Friends prove false, time drag or fly, Blossoms turn to fruit or flower, Seed-time pass, and summers die;

Youth may wane, and old age creep; Come to break or change old ties, Still its pristine glory keeping, Lives this love that never dies, Youth, or age, or joy, or sorrow, Storm or sunshine—all are one, Since I know for me unchanging Lives this love, till life is done.

—Mary Devereux.

THE PEDAL HOLDS CIGARS.



This odd table adorns the reception room of a West Philadelphia "wheel" club. The legs are made of the forks of wheels, while the top represents the wheel itself, having a real rubber tire. The pedal holds cigars.

THE JOKERS FURNISH RELAXATION.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS GLEE CLUB.



"Now, gentlemen, all together—for you, ee-oo! ee-oo!"

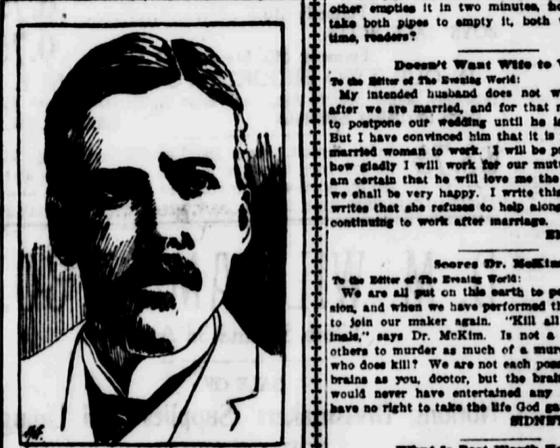
HAD BEEN NEAR IT.



She—You say you have never been in love. Have you ever been near it? He—I was married once—July.

PULPIT DIFFICULTIES.

By Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, D. D., Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.



REV. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, D. D.

REACHING IS MAN-MAKING, MAN-MENDING AND CHARACTER-BUILDING.

On the one hand it is a science, dealing with reason, affection, aspiration and conscience. On the other side preaching is an art, and has to do with the problems of right living. It teaches the art of so carrying reason, ambition and purpose as to secure happiness and growth to one's self with peace and prosperity for others. The basic upon which preaching rests is the fundamental fact that man begins not full-orbed, but the mere seed of manhood, at a point named nothing. For no other living creature is born so far away from that point named maturity.

We must also confess that the successes of the preaching of yesterday increase the difficulty of the task that belongs to to-day. When people come to church after reading Carlyle, Emerson and Browning it is hard to satisfy them. It is hard to compare with those who took three months to put a poem into half an hour. And we have thirty minutes to raise the dead in, and the corpse in the poem won't give us forty.

Then there are the newspapers, which are a form of instruction and largely Christian. For notwithstanding all that is said about yellow journalism I believe there is not a body of men anywhere who are doing a greater work for moral, civil, literary and industrial truth than the managing editors of the newspapers of this country.

Meanwhile the old errors are being rewritten. With the new astronomy, the new geology, will come the new theology. And the pains of the church are birth-pains. The destroying is for the sake of giving. The flower is falling only that the new fruit may swell. In giving up the old creed for the new, men who are leaving the old hut with tears will greatly rejoice when, once they enter the new palace, for not one truth that is of God has been destroyed by the new scholarship.

\$25 WEEKLY PRIZE \$25 FOR THE BEST DAY'S LOVE STORY FOR THIS PAGE.

Stories must not exceed 700 words—stories of 500 words preferred. All stories used will be paid for at rate of \$5 each; \$25 will be paid for the prize-winning story. Prizes awarded every Saturday. Send manuscripts to "Prize Love Story Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 124, New York City." No money returned unless story is chosen for publication.

ANYTHING BUT JEALOUS.



"And what did thy mistress say after she had caught me kissing thee behind the door?" "She said: 'Annabel, thou must be mighty fond of me to remain in my service at the risk of being kissed by such an old wretch as thy master.'"—Pick-me-Up.

A PARADOX.



Hubbard—Mrs. Rostrom thinks the highest wisdom is to realize one's own ignorance. White—Yes, but since she's found it out she's been irrefragably convinced.

The Day's Love Story

AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

"PLEASE, DO YOU NEED A MODEL?" of an aged grandmother. She was well loved in the studio, where her gentle ways won her many friends as well as engagements. All the things went on, the picture progressed rapidly; so also did the acquaintance, and from mere acquaintanceship Ralph came to find that he loved as never before, but, too honorable to break his pledged vow, he suffered in silence. Winifred, arriving first at the studio one day, smilingly greeted; turning to retrace her steps, she heard the door closed and the key turned, and a low, smothered laugh greeted her ear: "trapped at last! How will you stand my lover? Best your daily wages and say, but it will be in vain. Ah, ha!"



"PLEASE, DO YOU NEED A MODEL?"

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A week later Winifred came out of a period of unconsciousness. The surroundings were all strange; so was the kind-looking lady who smoothed back her hair. To Winifred's inquiry the gentle answer came: "I am Ralph's mother and you are at his home. Now rest, dear," and with a kiss she left her.

Strength is quickly regained in pleasant surroundings, and soon Winifred looked at the fire and Ralph's treasury; also the old, sweet story (which is old, but ever new) of Ralph's love for her.

Winifred is now married and the happy mistress of a dainty home. The place of honor in her parlor is filled by the "Marguerite," and as the freight falls softly on it the husband draws his wife to him, and, gazing at the picture, murmurs softly, "My 'Marguerite,' I found, but almost lost you, but now you are mine forever and ever."

BIRTHDAY LUCK For March 5.

If you were born on March 5, no matter what the year or hour, this is the meaning of the day for you: It is favorable for all business purposes. You have a favorable year before you and your affairs in general should improve. You will be steady in your investments and in your general affairs. Some gains from elderly friends and acquaintances in spring. A colored individual's record. Several hundred men and women are engaged in the work of the day for you.